

60 FABLES in VERSE.

Reflecting on the object seen,
So calm, so simple and serene,
He said, departing thence,
What pity 'tis so fine a face,
Possess'd almost of ev'ry grace,
Should want a grain of sense!

MORAL.

A beauteous form and mind discreet,
In the same person rarely meet.

REFLECTION.

With human life you all may see
The Fox's notion will agree;
For without contradiction,
The world is but one spacious street,
In which carv'd heads and all sorts meet,
And verify the fiction.



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FABLES



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